Scarronides:

OR,

VIRGILE Travestie.

A Mock-Poem.

Being the First Book of *Virgils Æneis* in *English*, *Burlésque.*

Non minimum est insignitèr ineptire.

PLIN. EP.

Imprimatur,

Roger L'estrange.

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To the Reader.

THE Reader is desired, for the better comparing of the Latin *and* English *together, to read on forward unto the ensuing Letter of Direction, before he compare the former with the Original.*

LE

VIRGILE
TRAVESTY.

(a) *Sing the man*, (read it who liſt,
A *Trojan*, true, as ever piſt)
(b) Who from *Troy Town*, by wind & weather
To *Italy*, (and God knows whither)
Was packt, and wrackt, and loſt, and toſt,
And bounc'd from Pillar unto Poſt.
(c) Long wandred he through thick & thin,
Half roſted now; now wet to'th skin?
By Sea and Land; by Day and Night;
(d) Forc'd (as 'tis ſaid) by the Gods ſpite:

(a) *Arma virumq; cano*, (b) Trojæ *qui primus ab oris*
Italiam, *fato profugus*, Lavinaque *venit*
Littora (c) *multum ille & terris jactatus, & alto*
(d) *Vi Superum*, ——— ———

Although the wiſer ſort ſuppoſe
(e) 'Twas by an old Grudge of *Juno*'s-
A Murrain curry all Curſt Wives!
He needs muſt go, the Devil drives.
(f) Much ſuffer'd he likewiſe in War,
Many dry blows, and many a ſcar:
Many a Rap, and much ado
At Quarter-ſtaffe, and Cudgells too,
Before he could be quiet for 'um:
(Pox of all Knaves, for I abhor 'um)
But this ſame Yonker at the laſt,
(All Brawls and Squabbles overpaſt)
And all theſe Rake-hells overcome,
(g) Did build a pretty *Grange*, call'd *Rome*.

(e) *ſævæ memorem* Junonis *ob iram*
(f) *multa quoq́;, & bello paſſus, dum conderet urbem*
(g) *atque altæ mœnia Romæ.*

(i) But

(i) But oh my Muſe! put me in mind,
To which o'th' Gods was he unkind?
(k) Or what, the Plague, did *Juno* mean,
(That croſs-grain'd, peeviſh, ſcolding Queen,
That ſcratching, catter-wawling Puſs,)
(l) To uſe an Honeſt Fellow thus?
(To curry him like Pelts at Tanners)
(m) Have Goddeſſes no better manners?
(n) A little Town there was of Old,
Thatcht with good Straw to keep out Cold,
Hight *Carthage*, which (if not bely'd)
Was by the *Tyrians* occupy'd;

(i) *Muſa mihi cauſas memora; quo Numine læſo:*
(k) *Quidve dolens Regina Deum,* (l) *tot volvere caſus*
Inſignem pietate virum, tot adire labores
Impulerit? (m) *tantæne animis cœleſtibus iræ?*
(n) *Urbs antiqua fuit, Tyrii tenuere Coloni,*
Carthago

(o) The luſtieſt Carles all thereabouts,
Rich Chuffs, and very ſturdy Louts.
(p) Now this ſame *Carthage* you muſt know,
Juno did love out of all *whoe*:
There are alive that yet will ſwear it,
No Village like it, no place near it:
(q) Except a place (forſooth) that's famous
For her nown Birth, a Farm call'd *Samos*;
Here ſhe her Trinkets kept, and odd things,
Her Needles, Poking-ſticks, and Bodkins;
And here, (in houſe, wch her own key-locks)
(r) She us'd to keep her Coach & Peacocks.

——— (o) *ſtudiis aſperima belli*;
(p) *Quam* Juno *fertur terris magis omnibus unam*,
(q) *Poſthabitâ coluiſſe* Samo, (r) *hêic illius arma*,
Hêic currus fuit

This

This place then mainly pleas'd her humor,
(ſ) But ſhe had heard a ſcurvy Rumor;
That *Trojans*, Arm'd in Coats of Chamlet,
Should one day overthrow her Hamlet:
Plunder her Cheſts, Joynt-ſtools & Tables,
And burn her Cow-houſes, and Stables.
(t) She fearful of this ſad Prediction,
(Which prov'd a true one, and no Fiction)
(u) And mindful of her injur'd Honour,
When *Paris* gave the Apple from her;
Did many years bend her devotion,
To drown *Æneas* on the Ocean;

(ſ) *Progeniem ſed enim* Trojano *à ſanguine duci*
Audierat Tyrias *olim quæ verteret arces.*
(t) *Id metuens,*
(u) *Nec dum etiam cauſæ irarum, ſævique dolores*
Exciderant animo; manet altâ mente repoſtum
Judicium Paridis,

And many a ſlippery trick ſhe playd him,
Till *Jove* at laſt o're Sea convey'd him,
(w) (So hard it is, where an old Grutch is,
To get out of a wowans Clutches.)
Æneas had not been o'th water
Above an hour, or ſuch a matter;
Nor further row'd, then we many rate
'Twixt *Parſons-Dock*, and *Billinſgate*,
Or ſay betwixt *Dover* and *Calice*,
(x) When *Juno* (full of her old Malice)
Thus with her ſelf began to mutter,
Cannot I drown theſe Crowes i'th Gutter?

(w) *Tantæ molis erat* Romanam *condere gentem*
Vix e conſpectu Siculæ *telluris, in altum,*
Vela dabant læti, & ſpumas ſalis ære ruebant.
(x) *Cum* Juno, *æternum ſervans ſub pectore vulnus,*
Hæc ſecum: Mene incepto deſiſtere victam?

Muſt

Muſt they go on fearing no Colours?
And cannot I ſquander their Scullers?
Muſt theſe ſame *Trojan* Raſcals noſe me,
(y) Becauſe the *Fates* (forſooth) oppoſe me?
(z) *Pallas* could burn Wherries, and Gallies,
And clatter *Mortalls* bones like Tallies:
(a) But I, *Jove's Siſter*, and his *Wife*,
Can do no Miſchief for my life.
(b) *Juno* enrag'd, and fretting thus,
(c) Runs me unto one *Æolus*:
This *Æolus*, as Stories tell us,
Could backward blow like a Smiths bellows;

(y) *Quippe vetor fatis!* (z) *Pallasne exurere claſſem*
Argivum *potuit?*
(a) *Aſt ego, quæ Divûm incedo Regina, Joviſque*
Et Soror, & Conjux, unâ cum gente tot annos
Bella gero.
(b) *Talia flammato ſecum Dea corde volutans,*
(c) *Æoliam venit hîc vaſto rex Æolus antro*
Luctantes ventos, tempeſtateſque ſonoras
Imperio premit,

A Day, a Week, a Moneth together,
And by his farting, make foul weather:
Blow Men, and Trees, and Houſes down;
Great Ships, and almoſt Fiſhes drown.
He was, in fine, the loud'ſt of Farters:
Yet could command his Hinder quarters,
Correct his Tayl, and only blow,
If there occaſion were, or ſo:
(d) Whom *Jove* obſerving to be ſo ſtern
In the wiſe conduct of his Poſtern,
He made him King of all the Puffers,
Which he (becauſe he knew them Huffers)
Durſt no where venture, I muſt tell ye,
But in the Caverns of his Belly:

(d) *Sed Pater omnipotens* ——————
—— *regemque dedit, qui fœdere certo*
Et premere, & laxas ſciret dare juſſus habenas.

Which

Which having but one Poſtern Gate
For theſe mad Boyes to ſally at,
He might the faſter peg them in,
And by the plucking out a Pin,
Then (at his eaſe) *Arſing* about,
To any Quarter let them out.

(e) To this ſame King, Queen *Juno* poſted,
And thus in flatt'ring Terms accoſted.

(f) Thou mighty King, whoſe potent ſway
The Lawleſs *Bluſt'rers* do obey;
Whoſe nod the ſtubborn'ſt winds do dread;
(Even although in *Scotland* bred.)
Thou, whoſe unruly Empire reaches
As far as the wide Compaſs ſtretches,

(e) *Ad quem tum* Juno *ſupplex his vocibus uſa eſt:*
(f) Æole *(namque tibi Divum pater atque hominum Rex*
Et mulcere dedit fluctus & tollere ventos)

Hear

Hear a poor Queens Requeſt, and ſay
Thou'lt doo't; for I muſt have no Nay.
(g) There are a few Tatter-de-malions
That (with a *pox*) would be *Italians*,
And into *Latium* now are going,
With Oars, and Skulls, tugging, and rowing:
A Crew of drunken, roaring Ruffins,
Lewd, wandring, ſturdy Ragamuffins;
Raſcalls, I hate, as I do Garlick,
And yet the Rogues are ſtout, and warlike:
(h) If therefore, ỹ wilt ſmoak theſe Royſters
And ſowſe them all, like pickled Oyſters,

(g) *Gens inimica mihi* Tyrrhenûm *navigat æquor*,
Illum *in* Italiam *portans*,
(h) *Incute vim ventis, ſubmerſasque obrue puppes,*
Aut age diverſas, & diſjice corpora ponto.
Sunt mihi bis ſeptem præſtanti corpore Nymphæ:
Quarum, quæ forma pulcherrima, dejopejam
Connubio jungam ſtabili, propriamque dicabo:

There

There is a Pretty Maid of Mine,
Called *Die*, ſhall be thy Concubine.
Æolus harkned to this Story,
With no ſmall Pride, no little Glory;
To have a Queen, ſo gay, and trim,
Come to requeſt a Boon of him!
But th' *Wench*, ith' tail of the Preamble,
Oh that! That made his Bowels wamble.
(And Wind you know (under Correction)
Is a main Cauſer of Erection.)
He, liſtning ſtood, wrigling, and ſcraping,
But durſt not bow, for fear of ſcaping;
Untill at laſt, with Cap in hand Sir,
(i) He thus return'd his modeſt Anſwer.

(i) Æolus *hæc contra: Tuus ô Regina quid optes*
Explorare labor; mihi juſſa capeſſere fas eſt.
Tu mihi, quodcunque hoc regni, tu ſceptra, Jovemque
Concilias.

O Queen (quoth he) my thanks are real,
That you will uſe your Servant *Æol*:
And ſhould I not pay your Civility,
Toth' utmoſt of my poor Ability,
Who are great *Joves* Siſter and Wife,
It were e'ene pity of my Life.
I'll play theſe Rake-hells ſuch a Hunts up,
Shal make them glad to turn their Rumps up
Say you no more, the Thing is done;
I'll drown 'em ev'ry Mothers Son.
But ſince your Grace is nice of ſmelling,
I wiſh you were at your own dwelling,
There's Reaſon for't (ſaving your favour)
For truly (Madam) I ſhall ſavour.
But I beſeech your Grace, in no wiſe
Forget the *Woman*, that you promiſe.

Juno

Juno at that, away does goe
As ſwift as Arrow out of Bow,
And in leſs while, then I am ſpeaking,
Was got as high, as top of * *Reking*:
No bigger now then School-boyes Kite,
And now clean vaniſht out of ſight.
Æol, who all this while ſtood gaping
At her fine Peacocks gawdy-trapping
Seeing her Mount *Olympus* ſtair-caſe,
Began t'untruſs to eaſe his Carcaſe.
Twice belch't he loud from lungs of leather,
To call his roaring Troops together:
And twice (as who ſhould ſay we come)
They roar'd 'ith concave of his womb:

* *Mons Salopienſis.*

(k) With that he turns his Buttock ſeaward,
And with a Gibing kind of Nayword;
Quoth he, Blind Harpers have among ye;
'Tis Ten to One but I bedung ye.
At that ſame word, lifting one leg,
And pulling out his truſty peg;
(l) He let at once his General Muſter
Of all that ere could blow, or bluſter;
And (like a Coxcomb) in his Tuell
Left not one puffe to cool his Gruell.

(k) *Hæc ubi dicta cavum converſa cuſpide montem*
Impulit in latus, ac venti, velut agmine facto,
Qua data porta ruunt, & terras turbine perflant.
Incubuere mari, totumque à ſedibus imis.
(l) *una* Euruſque Notuſque *ruunt, creberque procellis*
Africus, *& vaſtos volvunt ad littora fluctus.*
Inſequitur clamorque virûm ſtridorque rudentum.
Eripiunt ſubito nubes, cœlumque diemque
Teucrorum ex oculis, ponto nox incubat atra.
Intonuere poli, & crebris micat ignibus æther,
Præſentemque viris intentant omnia mortem.

Have

Have you not ſeen below the Sphear
A mortal drink call'd Bottle-Bear
How, by the Tapſter when the Stopple
Is raviſh't from the teeming Bottle,
It bounces, foams, and froths, and flitters,
As it were troubled with the ſquitters?
Even ſo, when *Æol* pluck't the plugg
From th' Muzzle of his double Jugg,
The Winds burſt out with ſuch a rattle,
As he had broke the ſtrings that twattle.
Bounce cries the Port-hole, out they fly
And make the World dance *Barnaby*;
Throughout the Seas,&Coaſts they wander;
One *Boroas* was their Chief Commander;
A huffing Jack, a plund'ring Tearer,
A vap'ring Scab, and a great Swearer.

This

This Fellow, and his boiſt'rous Rout,
Finds Me 'oth' Sea, the *Trojans* out.
Æneas, and his Wandring Mates
Were, at that time, angling for *Sprats*;
Thinking no harm, no more then we do,
(For all was fine, and fair to ſee too)
When all 'oth' ſudden; who would think it!
(By this good drink, I mean to drink it!)
It grew ſo dark, that wanting light,
They could not feel the Fiſhes bite;
And ſtreight ere one could ſay, Whats this?
The winds began to howle and hiſs,
And in the turning of a hand Sir
They grew ſo big, one could not ſtand Sir.
Then followed Rain, Lightning & Thunder,
As the whole world would fly aſunder.

Æneas

Æneas, hearing the winds threating,
And * ſeeing Monſtrous Billowes beating,
Knowing they purpos'd to diſpatch him,
And that the *Haddocks* watch't to catch him,
(m) Fell preſently in a cold ſweat,
So ſick he could not drink nor eat,
'Twas all the World to Twenty Pound,
He had not faln into a ſwound:
But by *Joves* favour being bleſt,
With Guts in's head above the reſt,
Like to a cunning Chapman, He
Made Virtue of Neceſſity;
And in the midſt of all Deſpayrs,
Thought it his beſt to fall to prayers;

* By the Lightning.

(m) *Extemplo Æneæ ſolvuntur frigore membra:*

(n)With wofull heart, and blubber'd eyes,
Lifting his *Mutton-fists* to'th skies,
He therefore pray'd, O *Jupiter*,
Either hear now, or never hear;
Now, now, thy Truſty *Trojans* cheriſh,
Help now, or never, elſe we periſh.
(o) Could not *Tydides*, at *Troy* Town
Should he be hang'd, once knock me down?
Nor yet the Merry *Greek Achilles*,
When he kill'd luſty *Hector*, kill Theſe?
And muſt we now be ſent for Diſhes,
To Sharks, and ſuch like Greedy Fiſhes?

(n) *Ingemit, & duplices tendens ad ſidera palmas*
Talia voce refert:
——— (o) *ô* Danâum *fortiſſime gentis*
Tydeide; *Mene* Iliacis *occumbere campis*
Non potuiſſe, tuâque animam hanc effundere dextrâ:
Saevus ubi Æacidæ telo jacet Hector,

(p) Thus

(p) Thus went he on with his Oriſons,
Which if you mark them well *were wiſe ones*,
Now praying, now expoſtulating,
But he might e'en have held his prating,
For *Jove* if he had been more near him,
The noiſe was ſuch, could no ways hear him.
(q) The winds grew louder ſtill & louder,
And playd their Gambals with a Powder;
Then, then indeed began the pudder,
Here an Oare broke, and there a Rudder,
Here a Boat kicking on the Surges,
And there one ſinking in a *Garges*.

(p) *Talia jactanti*, (q) *ſtridens* Aquilone *procella*
Velum adverſa ferit, fluctuſque ad ſidera tollit.
Franguntur remi; tum prora avertit, & undis
Dat latus

(r) Three Boats a Wind, call'd ***Notus*** ruſſels,
Upon a paltry bed of Muſſels,
(s) And three did roaring *Eurus* dable ye,
In Quick-ſand deep moſt lamentably.
(t) One Wherry that the *Lycians* carry'd,
And one *Orontes* never marry'd;
Was juſt about the time of Dinner,
O're-whelm'd, and all the men within her.
Orontes, though he was confounded,
Yet very loth to be thus drownded;
Did all he could, with might and main,
To have ſwom back to land again.

(r) *Tres* Notus *abreptas in ſaxa latentia torquet*
(ſ) *tres*, Eurus *ab alto*
In Brevia, *& Syrtes urget, (miſerabile viſu)*
(t) *Unam, quæ* Lycios, *fidumque vehebat* Orontem
Ipſius ante oculos, ingens a vertice pontus
In puppim ferit. Excutitur, pronuſque Magiſter
Volvitur in caput. Aſt illam ter fluctus ibidem
Torquet agens circum, & rapidus vorat æquore vortex.

His

His skill he to the tryall puts,
But could not do it for his Gutts:
And therefore was ſowſt up for *Cod-fiſh*;
(I doubt he prov'd but very odd fiſh)
(u) Now might you ſee ỹ *Trojans trimming*
Upon the Foaming Billowes ſwimming:
Sculls, Oars, & Stretchers with their Benches,
Floating amongſt the Rowling Trenches;
Hats, Capps, and Caſſocks, Bands and Ruffs,
(Indeed I think, they wore no Cuffs) (ons,
Balk-ſtaves, and Cudgells, Pikes & Trunche-
Brown-bread & cheeſ ỹ ſwam by luncheons
With Treaſure paſt all Mortals matching,
That any man might have for fetching.

(u) *Aſparent rari nantes in gurgite vaſto,*
Arma virum, tabulæque, & Troja gaza per undas.

(w) In the mean time, this hurly-burly,
That ſtill encreas'd more loud and ſurly,
Rous'd *Neptune* with the ſtrange Commotion,
Who liv'd 'ith bottom of the Ocean.
This *Neptune* was of old, a Fiſher,
And to *Æneas* a well-wiſher:
'Cauſe on a time, *Venus*, that bore him,
Spoke a good word to her Father for him?
And made him for his good Conditions
King over all his Pools, and Fiſh-ponds.
This Blade, when firſt he heard ỹ Sea ring,
Was pickling, Pilchards, Sprats, & Herring,
But at the noyſe he throws his Tray,
Fiſhes, and Salt, and all away.

(w) *Interea magno miſceri murmure Pontum,*
Emiſſamque Hiemem ſenſit Neptunus, *& imis*
Stagna refuſa vadis.

And

And taking up his three-forkt Trout-ſpear,
(x) Hey, hey (quoth he) what a brave rout's
Under his Arms he had two Bladders, (here
By which he mounted without Ladders,
And thruſting's head above the Water,
Says, What a Vengeance ho's the matter?
Then ſeeing round how things were vary'd,
And how the *Trojans* had miſcarry'd;
He ſtraight began to ſmell a Rat,
And ſoon perceiv'd what they'd be at:
For he knew all *Juno*'s contriving,
And ſpite as well as any living.

(x) *graviter commotus, & alto*
Proſpiciens, ſummâ placidum caput extulit undâ.
Diſpectam Æneæ toto videt æquore Claſſem;
Fluctibus oppreſſos Troas *cœlique ruinâ.*
Nec latuere doli fratrem Junonis, *& iræ.*

Have you not ſeen upon a River
A Water-dog, that is a diver,
Bring out his Mallard, and eft-ſoons
Be-ſhake his ſhaggy Pantaloons?
So *Neptune* when he firſt appears,
Shakes the ſalt Liquor from his ears,
And made ỹ winds themſelvs to doubt him,
He threw the water ſo about him:
Vext at the Plucks to ſee this clutter,
He ſcarce could ſpeak, but ſpurt & ſputter;
(y) Till beck'ning *Zephirus*, and *Eurus*,
He thus began in Language furious.

(y) Eurum *ad ſe* Zephyrumque *vocat, dehinc talia fatur.*
Tantane vos generis tenuit fiducia veſtri?
Jam cœlum Terramque meo ſine Numine Venti
Miſcere, & tantas audetis tollere moles?
Quos ego: ----- ſed motos præſtat componere Fluctus;
Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.

How

How durſt you Rogues take the opinion
To vapour here in my Dominion,
Without my leave, and make a lurry,
That men cannot be quiet for ye,
Raſcals I ſhall! -- But well! go too,
I now have ſomething elſe to do:
If ere again I catch you creaking,
'Tis odds I ſpoyl your Bag-pipes ſqueaking.
(z) And Sirrah, you there: goodman **Blaſter*, * Speaking to *Boreas* himſelf.
Go tell that farting fool your Maſter,
That ſuch a whiſtling ſcab as he,
Was ne're cut out to rule the Sea;

(z) *Maturate Fugam, Regique hæc dicite veſtro:*
Non illi Imperium pelagi ——

(a) But that it to my Empire fell;
Bid him go vapour in his Cell.
There let him puffe and domineer,
But make no more ſuch foiſting here:
And for what's paſt, (if my aim miſs not)
I'l teach him fizzle in my Piſpot.
(b) Scarce had he bubled out his Sentence
But that they fled to ſhew repentance,
And he that erſt had made a din moſt,
Now, cry'd, the Devil take the hindmoſt.
Even as a flock of Geeſe do flutter,
When crafty *Reynard* comes to Supper.

(a) *Sed mihi ſorte datum. Tenet ille immania ſaxa,*
Veſtras Eure *domos. Illâ ſe jactet in Aulâ*
Æolus, *& clauſo ventorum carcere regnet.*
(b) *Sic ait, & dicto citius tumida æquora placat.*

So nimbly flew away theſe Scoundrels,
Glad theyhad ſcap'd,&ſav'd their poundrels.
(c) Now all was fair again and frolick,
The Sea no more troubled with Cholick,
The Sun ſhone bright as on a *May-day*;
Had there bin gras,one might have made hay
But yet ſome Boats ſtuck on the Flatts,
Their men all daſht like Water-Rats;
Neptune at that his ſpeed re-doubles,
To eaſe them of their peck of Troubles:
He thruſt his *Muck-fork* in two faddom,
Betwixt the Boats, and that that ſtay'd um,
And liſted them ſhiere off, as clever
As he had had a Crow or Leaver;

(c) *Collectaſque fugat nubes, ſolemque reducit*
Cymothoe *ſimul &* Triton *adnixus acuto*
Detrudunt navcis ſcopulo; levat ipſe Tridenti.
Et vaſtas aperit Syrteis, *& temperat æquor.*

Now

Now Sirs (quoth he) you may go forward,
And row Eaſt, Weſt, or South, or Norward,
If the Rogues come again, I'll ſwill 'um
I love a Dog that comes from *Ilium*,
And you *Æneas*, and your men,
If ere you come this way again,
I hope you'l call, or I'ſt be ſorry,
I'll have a Diſh of Lobſters for ye:
Æneas who was gentle-hearted,
Scrap'd him a leg, and ſo they parted.

They take their Sculls again and ply um,
Hanging their Jerkins out to dry um:
Away they cut as ſwift as Swallowes,
Plowing the Sea as men do Fallowes;
Till ere a man could well tell Ten,
Or go to'th dore, and back again,

(d) They

(d) They all as plainly ſaw the t'other
Side, as we now ſee one another:
Then there old tugging was and pulling,
Never ſuch plying, and ſuch ſculling,
They whoop't and ſung gladder & gladder,
I think March-hares were never madder.
At laſt, all dangers notwithſtanding,
(e) They came unto a Place of Landing;
A pair of ſtayrs they found, not big ſtairs;
Juſt ſuch another pair as *Trigg-ſtairs*:
Not made for Water-men, but Women,
That uſe to come, and waſh their Linnen:

(d) *Quæ proxima littora curſu*
Contendunt petere.
(e) *Eſt in ſeceſſu longo locus; Inſula portum*
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur, inque ſinus ſcindit ſeſe unda reductos.

There

There was old ſtriving then, and thruſting
Which with their Sculler ſhould get firſt in.
Sirs (quoth *Æneas*) ſhow ſome breeding,
Let's have no more haſt than good ſpeeding,
Have patience Gentles, I implore ye,
And let your betters go before ye.
With that they all gave place, and reaſon,
It elſe had been no leſs than Treaſon:
(f) Whileſt our *Æneas* at two leapings,
Set the firſt foot upon the ſteppings;
Then all the Reſt came in a bundle
As they would burſt each others Trundle:

——(f) Æneas *collectis navibus omni*
Ex numero ſubit; ac magno telluris amore
Egreſſi optatâ Troes *potiuntur arenâ.*
Et ſale tabentes artus in littore ponunt.

Weary

Weary they were, the wind had douc't um,
And ſo they ſate em down, and lous'd um.
(g) After a while, a fellow knocks
Fire with a Steel, and Tinder-Box.
For each man had his flint and touch-wood,
The world beſides could ſhew no ſuch wood;
Then ſticks they gather, leaves and Bryers,
And fall a making them good fires,
Then Skellets, Pans, and Poſnets put on
To make them Porridge without Mutton.
(h) In the mean time *Æneas* got him
Up to a Hill, to look about him,

(g) *Ac primum Silici ſcintillam excudit* Achates
Suſcepitque ignem foliis, atque arida circum
Nutrimenta dedit, rapuitque in fomite flammam.
Tum Cererem, *corruptam undis,* Cerealiaque *arma*
Expediunt, feſſi rerum, frugeſque receptas
Et torrere parant flammis, & frangere ſaxo.
(h) Æneas *ſcopulum interea conſcendit, & omnem*
Proſpectum late pelago petit.

And

And as he there a while ſtood gazing,
(i) He ſaw ſome ſheep below him grazing,
(k) Oh ho (quoth he) I'll ſoon be wy 'ye,
Be ſworn I'm glad at heart to ſee ye.
This ſaid, away my youth does goe,
And fetches ſtraight a good Yew-Bow,
His Arrowes under's belt he ſticks too,
(For he could ſhoot at Butts, and Pricks too)
His head he put a good ſteel Cap on,
Becauſe he knew not what might happen:
And thus as if he went to battle,
He goes to murder poor mens Cattle.

——— (i) *tres littore cervos*
Proſpicit Errantes
(k) *Conſtitit hic, Arcumque manu, celereiſque ſagittas.*

(l) His Arrow in the ſtring he nocks,
And ſhoots among the harmleſs Flocks,
Theſe prov'd by chance to be the faireſt,
But he ſtill ſhot at that was neareſt.
(m) Seven Lordly Tups he wounded mortal,
The other ſhots he made were ſhort all:
Theſe to his hungry Mates he lurryes,
(Pray what's his due, that Mutton worries?)
(n) Here lads (quoth he) here's ſides, & haunches,
Fall too, and fill your empty paunches.
Scarce had he made an end of boaſting;
(o) But ſome to boyling fell, ſome roaſting;

(l) *Ductoreſque ipſos, primum capita alta ferentes*
Cornibus arboreis ſternit.
(m) *Nec prius abſiſtit, quam ſeptem ingentia victor*
Corpora fundit humi.
(n) *Et ſocios partitur in omnes.*
(o) *Pars in fruſta ſecant, virgisque trementia figunt:*
Littore aena locant alii, flammasque miniſtrant.

'Twas ſoon enough, and too't they fall,
They eat up Mutton, gutts and all,
Yet ſcarce could ſatisfie their hungers,
Theſe *Trojans* were ſuch *Mutton-mongers*.
(p) There was by chance a *ſtoop* of Liquor,
Cork't up in Bottles made of Wicker,
Giv'n by my Hoſteſs, I conceive,
When firſt *Æneas* took his leave:
This drink (to make their feaſt the fuller)
Æneas fetcht out of his Sculler,
And like a man had ſomething in him,
Gave it as free as ere 'twas gi'n him;
Himſelf a Diſh, he firſt pour'd out,
For fear it would not goe about;

(p) *Vina bonus quæ deinde cadis onerarat* Aceſtes
Littore Trinacrio, *dederatque abeuntibus Heros,*
Dividit, & dictis mœrentia pectora mulcet.

Then

Then ſtroaking up his Whiskers greaſie,
He thus begins, in Words moſt eaſie.
(q) Here Lads, have at ye, and be merry,
W'are got at laſt, ſafe o're the Ferry;
And though w'ave had but angry wark, yet
Let's make the beſt of a bad market:
To day let's drink, and hang to morrow,
A grain of mirth's worth pounds of ſorrow;
(r) Be blith and jolly then, as may be,
Faint heart you know ne're won fair Lady;

(q) *O ſocii, (neque enim ignari ſumus ante malorum)*
O paſſi graviora. Dabit Deus his quoque finem:
Vos & Scyllæam rabiem, penitusq; ſonantes
Acceſtis ſcopulos; vos & Cyclopea ſaxa
Experti. (r) *Revocate animos, mœſtumque timorem*
Mittite; forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.
Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerum
Tendimus in Latium, *ſedes ubi fata quietas*
Oſtendunt.

What though a while we fair but hardly,
Yet in the end does our reward lye:
We ſhall have Houſes, Lands, and Doxies,
With dainty patches, where no Pox is:
And then all this, that ſeems t'undo us,
Will be but ſport, and paſtime to us.
(s) Thus did this ſubtle Fornicator
Set a good Face on a bad matter;
As who would make 'um underſtand
How pretty a fellow he was on's hand;
When I (for all's brave n'alls) muſt tell ye,
His Heart then panted in his Belly.
(t) Down glides his Ale over his Pallat,
As glib as 't been Oyl of Sallet;

(s) *Talia voce refert, curisque ingentibus æger,*
Spem vultu ſimulat: premit altum corde dolorem.
(t) *Implentur veteris* Bacchi, *pinguiſque ferinæ.*

And

And all the reſt in their due order
Quafft' till their Drink would go no further.
(u) Now having ſpent their drink & vittles,
They riſe, and wipe their greaſie *Thwittles*,
And ſtreaking them began to mind 'um,
Of thoſe were left at Sea behind 'um:
With that, *Æneas* made a motion
To climbe the Hills, and look on th' Ocean,
If from the Cliffs, and Promontories
They might eſpy their fellow Tories;
At that they went, ſome this, ſome that way,
Some went not farre, and ſome a great way,

(u) *Poſtquam exempta fames, epulis menſæque remotæ,*
Amiſſos longo ſocios ſermone requirunt.

Some whoopt, ſome hallow'd, & ſome ſhouted,
(x) Some thought'um ſafe, and others doubted,
Some laid their ears to ground in cunning,
To liſt if they could hear 'um coming;
But all in vain, for none could ſpy 'um,
They feard their frends, when none were nie'um
At laſt by General Approbation,
They laid 'um down, as was the faſhion,
And ſlept, being tyr'd with pains and feaſting,
When Belly's full, Bones would be reſting.
Aſleep they lie ſnorting and ſnoring,
With ſuch a noyſe, as made the ſhoar ring,
Or ſuch a din as Dogs do utter,
When they by night together clutter;

(x) *Spemque metumq; inter dubii, ſeu vivere credant,*
Sive extrema pati;

Snarling

Snarling and ſwearing in lewd faſhion,
For Bitch of evil converſation :
(y) When *Jove*, who was belike at leaſure,
(Walking or for his health, or pleaſure)
Looking about on ev'ry ſide him,
(z) O'th *Lybian* Coaſts at laſt eſpy'd them,
And ſaid in merry kind of Japing,
Indeed Sirs have I ta'ne you napping.
Scarce had he ſpoke, when all oth' ſudden,
Whileſt he was on the *Trojans* ſtudd'ing,
Who ſhould come there to do her duty,
But *Venus*, that was Queen of Beauty!
* This *Venus* without counterfeiting,
Was a fine Laſs on's own begetting,

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

(y) *Cum* Jupiter *æthere ſummo*
Deſpiciens mare velivolum terraſque jacentes
Littoraque (z) *et* Lybiæ *deſixit lumina Regis.*

Thou ne'er ſaw'ſt prettyer in thy life,
Although he had her not by's Wife,
But by a Fiſh-wench he was kind to,
And ſo ſhe came in at the Window:
Now *Venus* was *Æneas'* Mother,
And him ſhe had by ſuch another
Royſter as *Jove* was, when on Ground-ſeil
He and her Mother met in Councell;
In the behalf then of her by-blow,
Which had endured many a dry-blow,
(a) She weeping came, ſighing, and throbbing,
And hardly could ſhe ſpeak for ſobbing:
Untill at laſt, with a fine Linning
Wrought round with blew of her own ſpinning

(a) *Atque illum tales jactantem pectore curas*
Triſtior, & lacrymis oculos ſuffuſa nitentes
Alloquitur Venus.

Wiping

Wiping her face with Tears, and snivel,
She thus began in words most civil.
(b) O thou, of Gods, and men, the King,
That canst do any kind of thing;
That past their wits dost Mortals frighten,
When thou or thunder do'st, or lighten,
What could *Æneas* do to thee?
Who car'st a fart for no body;
(c) Or the poor *Trojans* what have they done,
That thus they still must Fools be made on,
And that thou wilt for no perswasions
Let them go follow their occasions?

——(b) *O qui res hominumque Deumque*
Æternis regis Imperiis, *& fulmine terres.*
(c) *Quid* Troes *potuere? quibus tot funera passis.*
Cunctus ob Italiam *terrarum clauditur Orbis?*

(d) I'm

(d) I'm ſure you promis'd me, and ſwore it,
(E'ven let who can forgive you for it)
That you would make'um, This, and That,
Kings, Captains, and I know not what ;
And that out of your Bounteous Givings,
They ſhould have all both Lands, and Livings,
And all live well in *Italy* ;
But I perceive 'twas all a lye.
(e) *Jove*, (ſtroking up his great Muſtachoes)
Smil'd for to ſee her ſo out-rageous,
(For had ſhe broke a Pot, or Platter,
He could not well be angry at her,

(d) *Certe hinc* Romanos *olim, volventibus annis,*
Hinc fore ductores, revocato a ſanguine Teucri.
Qui mare, qui terras, omni ditione tenerent
Pollicitus. Quæ te Genitor *ſententia vertit ?*
(e) *Olli ſubridens hominum ſator atque Deorum.*

He

He lov'd her ſo, and 'tis ſo common,
Either in Man, or elſe in Woman;
Their Baſtards they will clip, and kiſs ye
More dearly then their lawful Iſſue.)
(f) *Jove* looking then moſt ſweetly at her,
(For ſhe had made his Mouth to water)
Took *Venus* by the Chin, and gave her,
A Kiſs of no unwelcome ſavour.
(g) My pretty Wench (quoth he) I prethee,
Let's have no more ſuch puling with thee:
All ſhall be well enough, ne're fear it,
And by my Beard once more I ſwear it:

(f) *Vultu quo Cœlum, Tempeſtatesque ſerenat*
Oſcula libavit Gnatæ; dehinc talia fatur.
(g) *Parce metu* Cytherea, *manent immota tuorum*
Fata tibi. Cernes urbem, & promiſſa Lavini
Mœnia, ſublimemque feres ad ſydera cœli
Magnanimum Æneam.

Thy

Thy Son *Æneas* thou doſt doubt ſo,
Which makes thee whimper, cry, and pout ſo,
Shall be a King, or Prince at leaſt;
I ſpeak in earneſt, not in jeſt.

With that he whiſtled out moſt mainly,
You might have heard his Fiſt as plainly
From one ſide of the Skie to th' t'other,
As you and I hear one another.
Thrice whiſtled he when by and by,
Out came his Foot-boy *Mercury*,
And askt him without more ado,
What 'twas he whiſtled for, and who?

This *Merc'ry* you muſt underſtand Sir,
Had formerly been a Rope-Dancer:
A nimble Raſcal, and a Dapper,
Full deftly could he cut a Caper,

* Dance,

* Dance, run, and leap, friſk, and curvett,
Tumble, and do the *Sommerſet*:
And fly with Artificial Wings
Ty'd to his head, and heels, with ſtrings:
'Twas he firſt taught to fly i'th Aire,
As we have ſeen at *Bartle*-Faire;
A nimble witty Knave, I warrant,
And one that well could ſay his Errant;
An ex'lent ſervant (in plain-dealing)
But that he was enclin'd to ſtealing.
(h)Sirrah (quoth *Jove*) go take your Pumps,
And haſt to *Carthage*, ſtirr your ſtumps;

* See *Plaut.* in *Amphytr.*

(h) *Hæc ait, &* Majá *genitum demittit ab alto,*
Ut terræ, utq; novæ pateant Carthaginis *arces*
Hoſpitio Teucris, ne *fati neſcia* Dido
Finibus arceret. Volat ille per aëra magnum
Remigio Alarum, & Lybiæ *citus adſtitit oris.*

And

And as thou art a cunning Prater,
Play me the fine Inſinuator.
Dido and all her *Carthaginians*
Poſſeſs throughout with kind opinions
Of the poor *Trojans*, leſt Queen *Dido*
Not knowing Things ſo well as I do,
Should ſhew 'um all a Trick of *Paſſe-paſs*,
And chance t'indict them for a Treſpaſs.
Away he flies *ſans* further ſpeech,
As he had had a Squib in's breech;
And ſuddenly without diſcerning
(i) Set all the *Trojans* Bowels yerning.
Dido for her part ſwore a *Trojan*
Should do the Feat for her, or no man.

(i) *Ponuntque ferocia Pœni*
Corda, volente Deo; inprimis Regina quietum
Accipit in Teucros animum, mentemque benignam.

Mean

Mean while the *Trojans* ſlept at eaſe,
Unleſs ſometimes bit by white Fleas,
Their ſoft Repoſe in quiet taking,
(k) Only *Æneas* he was waking,
Who whileſt the night was dark and ore-caſt,
Like one that had an ex'lent forecaſt,
Lay thinking now his Gutts grew limber,
How they might get more *Belly-Timber*;
No ſooner the firſt Light came creeping,
But that he cry'd, Ah fool! art peeping?
And up he ſtarts, to goe a-ſtealing,
Either a Mutt'ning, or a Vealing;
And yet he thought being a ſtranger,
To goe alone might be ſome danger;

(k) *At pius Æneas, per noctem plurima volvens,*
ut primùm lux alma data eſt, ——————

(l) There-

(l) Therefore he deem'd it not amiſs
To call a Truſty friend of his;
And that he might go on the bolder,
He laid a Two-hand Batt on's ſhoulder.
Thus going then abroad for food,
(m) He meets his Mother in a Wood;
So ſmug ſhe was, and ſo array'd,
He took his Mother for a Maid:
A great miſtake in her, whoſe Bum
So oft had been God *Mars* his Drum:
Full oft when *Smug* was blowing Bellowes,
Would ſhe be trucking with good Fellowes;
And let her ſelf be chuck't as tamely,
As if therein, there did no blame lye.

(l) *Ipſe uno graditur comitatus* Achate
Bina manu lato criſpans haſtilia ferro.
(m) *Cui mater mediâ ſeſe tulit obvia ſilvâ.*
Virginis os habitumq; gerens.

By

By *Mars*, and many a one beſide,
Or elſe ſhe fowly is bely'd.
(n) Well met (young man) quoth *Venus* kindly,
As you came through the Woods behind ye,
Pray did you not, for all your haſte, note
A Laſs in Petti-coat and Waſt-coat;
With ſuch a Pelt as mine thrown o're her,
Driving a Sow, and Piggs before her?
(o) No truly, (quoth *Æneas* mild)
I ſaw nor Man, Woman, nor Child;
Yet though I ſay't, had I been nigh her,
I could as ſoon as others ſpy her:

(n) *Heus inquit, juvenes, monſtrate mearum*
Vidiſtis ſiquam hîc errantem fortè ſororum,
Succinctam pharetra, & maculoſæ tegmine lyncis,
Aut ſpumantis apri curſum clamore prementem.
(o) *Veneris contrà ſic filius orſus:*
Nulla tuarum audita mihi, neque viſa ſororum.
O quàm te memorem virgo? namque haud tibi vultus
Mortalis, nec vox hominem ſonat: ô dea certè.

But who art thou that ſpeak'ſt ſo ſhrill,
As if thy words came through a Quill?
Thou art of gentle Kindred ſurely,
Thou look'ſt and ſpeakeſt ſo demurely:
(p) Therefore good Mris. or good Lady,
I do beſeech you, if it may be,
To pardon our of fear of Dangers,
(q) Tell's where we are for we are ſtrangers.
(r) *Venus*, at that, wriggling and mumping,
Cries, pray young man, leave off your frumping
For until now I've met with no man,
E're took me for a Gentlewoman:
She that I ask for, is my Siſter;
I wonder how the Pox you miſt her!

(p) *An Phœbi ſoror, an Nymphārum ſanguinis una,*
— (q) *quo ſub cœ'o tandem, quibus orbis in oris*
Jactemur doceas —
(r) *Tum Venus: Haud equidem tali me dignor honore.*

We

We were this morning sent in haste
To fetch a Sow that lies at Mast.
(s) Yond Town was built by one *Agenor*;
The Lands so good it needs no *Meanor*:
(t) One *Dido* now is Queen on't, who,
Run hither a good while agoe:
She is a Queen of gentle bearing,
Whose story will be worth the hearing:
(u) But should I tell it all out-right,
I think 'twould last a Winters night.
(x) Therefore in short, this same Queen *Dido*,
Who now, alas! is left a Widow,

(s) *Punica regna vides, Tyrios, & Agenoris urbem*
(t) *Imperium Dido Tyria regit urbe profecta,*
——— (u) *longa est injuria, longæ*
Ambages, sed summa sequar fastigia rerum
(x) *Huic Conjux Sichæus erat, ditissimus agri*

Had one *Sichæus* to her *Honey*,
A wealthy man in Land, and Money;
(y) Whom one *Pigmalion*, unawares
Kill'd, as he was ſaying on's Prayers;
Only for Lucre of his Pelf,
Which he had thought t' have had himſelf,
(z) And fob'd Queen *Dido* off ſome ſeaſon,
(Who cry'd and blubber'd out of Reaſon)
By telling her a Flim flam prattle,
That he was gone to buy ſome Cattle:
But on a time, as without doubt
Murther at ſome odd time will out,

——————(y) *Ille* Schæum
Impius ante aras, atque auri cæcus amore,
Clam ferro incautum ſuperat——
——————(z) *ægram*
(Multa malus ſimulans) vanâ ſpe luſit amantem.

One

One night as ſhe did ſleep, and ſnore,
As ſhe had never ſlept before,
(a) Into her Chamber, dores unlocking,
Comes me her Husband without knocking;
A Link he in his hand did brandiſh,
His face was Paler then your Band is:
Near her came and would have kiſs'd her,
At which ſhe well nigh had bepiſs'd her;
But being a Ghoſt of civil faſhion,
He gave her *Words* of *Conſolation.*
Quoth he, I murdred am, my Jewel,
By wayes moſt barbarous and cruel:
And for to ſhew I tell no Fibbs,
(b) Look what a hole here's in my Ribbs:

(a) *Ipſa ſed in ſomnis inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis, attollens pallida miris:
——— b) *traſectáque pectora ferro*
Nudavit: ———

And if thou ſtay'ſt, that Rogue *Pigmalion*
Intends to uſe thee like a Stallion:
(c) Therefore be gone, thou and thy Meany,
But leave the Raſcal ne'er a penny,
To bleſs himſelf; it lyes each farthing,
In an old Butter-pot i'th' Garding.
(d) *Dido*, at this, riſes up early,
And with her ſervants very fairly,
Not caring for *Pigmalions* Curſes,
Steals all his Money-Bags, and Purſes;

(c) *Tum celerare fugam patriaque excedere ſuadet,*
Auxiliumque viæ, veteres tellure recludit
Thesauros, ignotum argenti pondus & auri.
(d) *His commota fugam, Dido, ſociáſque parabat:*
Convenêre duces, aut odium crudele tyranni,
Aut metus acer erat: naves quæ ſorte paratæ,
Corripiunt, onerantque auro: portantur avari
Pygmalionis opes pelago: dux fœmina facti.

And

And in a Boat prepar'd o'th' nonce,
Ship't all his Goods away at once,
And got off ſafe, whil'ſt all this Gear,
Was ordered by a *Wuſtcoteer*.
(e) At laſt ſhe came with all her People,
To yonder Town with the Spire ſteeple,
And bought as much good feeding ground for
Five marks, as ſome would give five pound for;
Where now ſhe lives a Huſwife wary,
Has her ground ſtockt, and keeps a Dairy:
(f) And now young man, I pray ye ſhow me
whence do ye come, or whither go ye?

(c) *Devenere locos, ubi nunc ingentia cernes*
Mœnia, ſurgentémque novæ Carthaginis *arcem:*
Mercatique ſolum, facti de nomine Byrſam,
Taurino quantum poſſent circundare tergo.
(f) *Sed vos qui tandem? quibus aut veniſtis ab oris?*
Quove tenetis iter?

(g) This being ſaid, our luſty Swabber
Groan'd like a Woman in her Labour,
And looking ruſully upon her,
Oh! Dame (quoth he) brim-full of Honour,
Should I begin my ſtory ſpinning,
From the firſt end to th' laſt Beginning,
I doubt to finiſh we ſhould miſs time,
For it would laſt till t'morrow this time.
(h) We *Trojans* are of *Troy-Town* Race,
(If e're you heard of ſuch a place.)
(i) And I th' *Æneas* fam'd in Battle,
But more ador'd for Tail and Twattle:

(g) *Quærenti, talibus ille*
Suſpirans, imoq; trahens à pectore vocem:
O dea, ſi prima repetens ab origine pergam,
Et vacet annales noſtrorum audire laborum:
Ante diem clauſo componet veſper Olympo.
(h) *Nos Troja antiqua (ſi veſtras fortè per aures*
Trojæ nomen ut——
(i) *Sum pius Æneas, raptos qui ex hoſte penates*
Claſſe veho mecum,——

Who

Who bring along our Countrey-Gods,
A company of ſmoaky Toads,
Catcht out o'th' fire, from the *Greek*,
When all the Town was of a Reek;
And can derive my pedigree,
(Although I ſay't) with any *He*,
That is perhaps fuller of Pride,
Eſpecially by th' Mothers ſide.
Did my Fame never hither come?
I'm talkt of farr, and near at home;
To tell you truly as a friend,
(k) For *Italy* we did intend,
And put to Sea in paltry weather,
(l) With twenty pair of Oars together:

(k) Italiam *quæro, patriam, & genus ab* Jove *ſummo.*
(l) *Bis denis* Phrygium *conſcendi navibus æquor,*
Matre dea monſtrante viam, data fata ſequutus:
Vix ſeptem convulſa undis, Euróque ſuperſunt.

Of

Of which there hardly are left ſeven,
Which put into the ſhoar laſt Even.
(m) *Venus* the while *Æneas* eyeing,
And ſeeing he could ſcarce hold crying;
Thus cut him off in courteous faſhion,
I'th' midſt on's pitiful Relation:
(n) Whoe're thou art, take heart I ſay,
Rome can't be built all on a Day;
And though y'have ſuffer'd ſome diſaſters;
Yet let me tell you this, my Maſters,
'Tis a good ſign that thoſe Gods love ye,
For all your haſte, that hither drove ye:

(m) *Nec plura querentem*
Paſſa Venus medio ſic interfata dolore eſt
(n) *Quiſquis es, haud (credo) invifus cœleſtibus, auras*
Vitales carpis, Tyriam qui adveneris urbem.

You

You might have walkt your pumps apieces,
E'er light on ſuch a Place as this is.
(o) Go me to th' *Queen* now out of hand,
And ſhew her how your matters ſtand;
She'll make you welcome for her part;
She loves tall fellows in her heart:
(p) There, on my honeſt word, you'll meet
Your loſt Companions, I foreſee't;
And have all things that you would wiſh,
(q) Or ſurely I was taught amiſs:
(For I a Father had, could make
In time of need an Almanack,)

(o) *Perge modò, atque hinc te reginæ ad limina perfer.*
(p) *Nâmque tibi reduces ſocios, claſſémque relatam*
Nuntio——
(q) *Ni fruſtra augurium vani docuere parentes.*

Chear

Chear up your hearts, your ſpirits rally,
And ne'er ſtand fooling, ſhall I, ſhall I,
But budge, jogg on, beſtir your Toes,
(r) There lies your way, follow your Noſe.
(s) With that ſhe turn'd to go away,
And did her freckled Neck diſplay;
By which, and by a certain whiffe
Came from her Arm-pits or her Cliffe,
And a fine hobble in her pace,
Æneas knew his Mothers grace:

(r) *Perge modò, & qua te ducit via, dirige greſſum.*
(s) *Dixit: & averſens roſea cervice refulſit:*
Ambroſiæque comæ divinum vertice odorem
Spiravere: pedes veſtis defluxit ad imas:
Et vera inceſſu patuit dea, ille ubi matrem
Agnovit, tali fugientem eſt voce ſecutus,

(t) *Mother,*

(t) *Mother* quoth he) why doſt thou run thus,
And with thy *Mumming* chear thy *Son* thus?
Why may we not ſhake one another
By th'hand, and talk like Son and Mother?
Oh think upon our woful Caſes,
Whileſt thus we wander in ſtrange Places!
(u) But ſhe was gone, for when ſhe liſt,
She foiſt away could in a Miſt;
Nor could ſhe tarry, to ſay truly,
For ſhe had made a promiſe newly,
To meet a friend of hers to dally,
(x) In a blinde ſtreet they call *Ram-Alley*:

(t) *Quid natum toties crudelis tu quoque falſis*
Ludis imaginibus? cur dex træ jungere dextram
Non datur, ac veras audire, & reddere voces?
(u) *At* Venus *obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit*
Et multo nebulæ circum dea fudit amictu:
Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere poſſet,
Moliríve moram,——
(x) *Ipſa* Paphum *ſublimis abit,*——

Æneas

Æneas then began to finde,
That there was ſomething in the winde,
And ſaid, My Mother's a mad ſhaver,
No man alive knows where to have her;
But I'de as live as half a Crown
We two could walk ſo into th' Town.
Venus heard what he ſaid, for ſhe
Could hear, as far as we can ſee;
And in a moment to befriend 'um.
Two Cloaks inviſible did lend 'um.
Thus cloak't their Knavery to ſhelter,
(y) Away they trudge it helter skelter,
Untill *Æneas*, and his friend,
Safely arriv'd at the Towns-end.

(y) *Coripuere viam interea, qua ſemita monſtrat:*
Jámque aſcendebant collem, qui plurimus urbi
Imminet adverſasque aſpectat deſuper arces.

(z) *Æneas*

(z) *Æneas* star'd about and wonder'd,
To see of Houses a whole hunder'd:
But when he saw the Folks were there,
He thought it had been *Carthage* fair.
(a) The Town was full, all in a pother,
Some doing one thing, some another;
Some digging were, some making Mortar,
Some hewing stones, and such a Quarter;
For they were all, as story tells,
Building or doing something else;
(b) And to be short, all that he sees,
Were working busily as Bees.

(z) *Miratur molem Æneas, magalia quondam:*
(a) *Instant ardentes Tyrii: pars, ducere muros*
Molirique arcem, & manibus subsolvere saxa:
Pars, aptare locum tecto, & concludere sulco.
(b) *Qualis apes æstate nova per florea rura*
Exercet sub sole labor, ——

I'th'

(c) I'th' middle of the Town there ſtood,
A goodly *Elme* o're-grown with Wood;
And under that were Stocks moſt duely,
To lock them faſt that were unruly:
There ſate they down to eaſe their travel,
Picking their ſweaty Toes from gravel,
And lookt about as they lay lurking,
(d) To ſee the buſie *Tyrians* working:
But none could ſee them for their ſpell,
They were ſo hid, they might as well,
Though they had been never ſo nigh 'um,
See through a double-dore as ſpy 'um.

(c) *Lucus in urbe fuit media, lætiſſimus umbra:*
(d) *Inſert ſe ſeptus nebula (mirabile dictu)*
Per medios, miſcétque viris, neque cernitur ulli.

Near ſtood the Church, a pretty Building;
Plain as a Pike-ſtaff without gilding,
I cannot liken any to it,
Unleſs't be *Pancrage*, if you know it.
(e) This Church Queen *Dido*, 'tis related
Built, and to *Juno* dedicated,
And was beholding unto none;
But built it all both ſtick and ſtone,
At her own proper coſt, and charges,
No Church i'th' Country near ſo large is.
It was well laid with Lime and Mortar:
(For ſo the Workmen did exhort her)
Becauſe it would be ſo much ſtronger,
And ſo you know would laſt the longer.

(e) *Hîc templum* Junoni *ingeas Sidonia* Dido
Condebat ——————

It had a dore peg'd with a pin,
To ſhut Folks out, or let Folks in,
And in a pretty wooden-ſteeple
A Low-Bell hung to call the People.
Æneas, and his Friend went thither,
Seeing a many Folks together,
Whoſe miſty Cloaks, ſo well did hide 'um,
That in they went, and no one ſpy'd 'um.
(f) But then they wonder'd to behold
The Images ſo manifold,
That ſtaring ſtood in ſundry places,
As if they would fly in their faces.

(f) *Artificumque manus inter ſe, operumque labores*
Miratur, videt Iliacas ex ordine pugnas,
Bellaque tam fama totum vulgata per orbem.
Atridas, Priamumque, & ſævum ambobus Achillem.
Conſtitit, & lachrymans: Quis jam locus (inquit) Achate,
Quæ regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?

The

Then (quoth *Æneas*) to's Comrade
This Fellow, Maſter was on's Trade
That pictur'd Theſe; Look, look, as I am
An honeſt man, yonders our *Priam*;
See where he ſtands in Silk and Satten,
As he could ſpeak both Greek and Latin;
Whoop! yonder's *Hector* too, and *Troylus*,
Look thee, how here the *Grecians* ſpoil us;
(g) And there our Truſty *Trojans* do
Bang them and pay them, *quid* for *quo*.
Yonder *Achilles* gives a Rap,
With his Cock's feather, in his Cap;
And yonders one, for all's Bravado
Knocks him with luſty Baſtinado.

(g) *videbat, uti bellantes Pergama circum*
Hac fugerent Graii, premeret Trojana *juventus*:
Hac Phryges, inſtaret curru criſtatus Achilles.

How came Theſe here t'be pictur'd thus?
Sure all the World has heard of us.
(h) Whilſt thus *Æneas* ſad, and muddy,
Stood muſing in a dark brown ſtudy;
In comes Queen *Dido*, that fair Lady,
In Apron white as on a *May*-day;
A crew of Royſters waited on her,
Which there were call'd her men of Honour:
All clad in fair Blew Coats, and Badges,
To whom Queen *Dido* paid good Wages.
(i) Even as a proper Woman ſhowes
When unto Wake, or Fair ſhe goes,

(h) *Hæc dum* Dardanio *Æneæ miranda videntur,*
Dum ſtupet, obtutúque hæret defixus in uno:
Regina ad templum forma pulcherrima Dido
Incedit, magno juvenum ſtipante caterva:
(i) *Qualis in* Eurotæ *ripis, aut per juga* Cynthi
Exercet Diana choros, quam mille ſequuntæ
Hinc atq; hinc glomerantur Oreades: illa pharetran
Fert humero, gradiénſque deas ſupereminet omnes.

Clad

Clad in her beſt Apparel, ſo,
Queen *Dido* all this time did ſhow,
And was ſo brave a Buxom Laſs,
That ſhe did all i'th' Town ſurpaſs.
Into the midſt o'th' Church ſhe marches,
And there betwixt a pair of Arches,
Upon a Stool ſet for the nonce,
She went to reſt her Marrow-bones,
And on a Cuſhion ſtuff't with Flocks,
She clapt her dainty pair of Docks.
(k) There *Dido* ſate in State each day,
To hear what any one could ſay,

(k) *Tum foribus divæ, media teſtudine templi,*
Septa armis, ſolióque altè ſubnixa reſedit.
Jura dabat, legéſque viris, operúmque laborem
Partibus æquabat juſtis, aut ſorte trahebat.

Some to rebuke, and for to ſmooth ſome;
And give out Laws, wholſome, or toothſome;
To puniſh ſuch as had Inſolence,
And make them good *Nolens*, or *Volens*:
And there likewiſe each morning-tide,
She did the young-mens Tasks divide,
Wherein great Policy did lurk,
Each knew his Jobbe of Journy-work,
And fell about it without Jangling:
But that which kept them moſt from wrangling
Was that they ſtill drew cuts to know,
Whether they ſhould work hard, or no,
And who had th'longeſt cut, and th' beſt,
Had ſtill more work, then all the reſt.

(l) Here

(l) Here whilſt *Æneas* ſqueez'd & thruſt is,
To ſee Queen *Dido* doing Juſtice:
Who ſhould he but his fellows ſpy?
Got into *Dido*'s Company.
There *Antheus* was, (no mortal fiercer)
And one *Sergeſtus* too, a Mercer,
With other *Trojans*, that would vapour;
Cloanthus too the Woollen-Draper:
All which, and forty *Trojans* more,
Were wonderfully got to ſhore.
(m) At This, *Æneas*, and his friend
Were e'en almoſt, at their wits end;

(l) *Cum ſubitò* Æneas *concurſu accedere magno*
Antea, Sergeſtúmq; videt, fortemq; Cloanthum,
Teucrorúmq; alios: ater quos æquore turbo
Diſpulerat, penitúſq; alias advexerat oras.
(m) *Obſtupuit ſimul ipſe, ſimul perculſus Achates:*

Z'lid (*Jove* forgive me, that I ſwear)
Quoth he, how think'ſt thou came they here?
Nay quoth the t'other preſently,
Æneas, what a Pox know I?
(n) *Æneas* was ſo glad on's kin,
He ready was t' leap out on's skin,
And ſo was t'other for (in ſadneſs)
They were e'en mad, 'twixt fear, and gladneſs,
And yet it ſeems, they were ſo wiſe,
To keep them ſafe in their diſguiſe;
Until their friends, had try'd th' Opinions,
Of the kind-hearted *Carthaginians*.

(n) *Lætitiâq; metuq; avidi conjungere dextras*
Ardebant: ſed res animos incognita turbat,
Diſſimulant, & nube cavâ ſpeculantur amicti,
Quæ fortuna viris: ——

(o) At laſt they ſaw one *Ilioneus*,
A *Trojan* very Ceremonious;
A Youth of very fine Condition,
A very pretty Rhetorician:
One that could write, and read; and had
Been bred at Free-School from a Lad,
Thruſt up to *Dido* in good faſhion,
And thus begins his fine Oration.

(p) O *Queen*, who here haſt built a Village,
And keep'ſt thy Ground in hearty Tillage:
O Thou, who haſt the Royal Science,
To Govern Men as wild, as Lyons,

(o) *Poſtquam introgreſſi, & coràm data copia fundi,*
Maximus Ilioneus placido ſic pectore cœpit:
(p) *O regina, novam cui condere Jupiter urbem,*
Juſtitiáque dedit gentes frænare ſuperbas,
Troes te miſeri, ventis maria omnia vecti
Oramus, prohibe infandos à navibus ignes:
Parce pio generi, & propius res aſpice noſtras.

Behold

Behold us here, who look like men,
New eaten, and ſpew'd up again.
So ſpitefully has fortune croſt us,
So wofully the Seas have toſt us.
A few poor *Trojans* here you ſee,
Even as poor, as poor may be;
Thrown on this Shore by Wind, and Weather,
Ill luck, the Divel and all together;
And humbly do beſeech your Grace,
To pitty our moſt woful caſe.
Your Men are all in hurly-burly,
And look upon us grim, and ſurly,
So that if you be not good to us,
They'll burn our Boats, and quite undo us.
Therefore we pray you ſend ſome one,
To bid'um let our Boats alone.

(q) Alas!

(q) Alas! we come not to purloyne,
Either your Cattle, or your Coyne,
Neither to filch Linnen, or Woollen,
Nor yet to ſteal away your Pullen;
W'have no ſuch knaviſh ends, as theſe;
But only to beg Bread, and Cheeſe.
(r) We were a going to a Place,
A hardiſh kind of Name it has,
Where once your what ſhal's cal'ums(rot 'um!
It makes me mad I have forgot 'um)
Liv'd a great while; but now d'yee ſee,
'Tis known by th' Name of *Italy*:

(q) *Non nos aut ferro Libycos populare penates*
Venimus aut raptas ad littora vertere prædas:
Non ea vis animo, nec tanta ſuperbia victis.
(r) *Eſt locus, (Heſperiam Graii cognomine dicunt)*
Terra antiqua, potens armis, atque ubere glebæ;
Oenotrii coluere viri: nunc fama, minores
Italiam dixiſſe, ducis de nomine gentem;
Hæc curſus ſuit.——

(s) When

(s) When on a ſudden one *Orion*,
Poudr'd upon us, like a Lyon,
And ſquander'd us on Flats, and Shelves,
Enough to make us drown our ſelves:
So that of Sixſcore men, and deft ones,
Even here (O Queen) are all are left on's.
(t) Then what ſhould ail your *Tyrians* thus
To ſcowle and look askew at us;
Or where the Devil were they bred,
Sure rancker Clowns ne'er liv'd by bread;
And (for to tell your Grace my thought)
I think they're better fed, then taught.

(s) *Cùm ſubitò aſſurgens nimboſus Orion*
In vada cæca tulit, penitúſque procacibus Auſtris,
Pérque undas, ſuperante ſalo, pérque invia ſaxa
Diſpulit, hùc pauci veſtris adnavimus oris:
(t) *Quod genus hoc hominum? quæve hunc tam barbara morem*
Permittit patria?

For

For (as I am an honeſt man
Let 'um deny it, if they can)
(u) No ſooner landed we to bait us;
But that the Rogues threw Cow-turds at us:
But *Queen*, I hope, thou'lt teach the Wretches,
Henceforth to meddle with their Matches.
(x) *Æneas* once did us command,
A taller fellow of his hand,
Nor honeſter, ne'er did, or ſhall,
Draw out a Trapſtick to a Wall.
If he but live, and that already,
He be not drowned in ſome eddy,

(u) *Hoſpicio prohibemur arenæ,*
Bella cient, primaq; vetant conſiſtere terra.
(x) *Rex erat Æneas nobis: quo juſtior alter*
Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major, & armis.
Quem ſi fata virum ſervant, ſi veſcitur aura
Ætherea, nec adhuc crudelibus occubat umbris:
Non metus: officio nec te certaſſe priorem
Pœniteat

You

You of your coſt will ne'er repent you,
For to a penny he'll content you.
(y) Look then o'th' *Trojans*, and befriend'um,
Let's draw our Boats aſhore, and mend'um.
We'll promiſe you, if that we meet,
Our Captain with the reſt o'th' Fleet,
And if he be not turn'd to a Gudgeon,
We towards *Italy* will trudge on;
(z) And if that he ſhall ſtill be lacking,
Then back again we'll ſtreight be packing.

(y) *Quaſſatam ventis liceat ſubducere claſſem,*
Et ſylvis aptare trabes, & ſtringere remos:
Si datur Italiam, ſociis, & rege recepto,
Tendere, ut Italiam læti, Latiúmque petamus:
(z) *Sin abſumpta ſalus, & te, pater optime Teucrûm,*
Pontus habet Libyæ, nec ſpes jam reſtat Iüli:
At freto Syrtaniæ ſaltem, ſedeſq; paratas,
Unde huc advecti, regemq; petamus Acceſtem.

(a) *Dido*

(a) *Dido* like woman of good faſhion,
Gave ſpecial heed to his Relation;
And all the while he did relate it,
Mump't like a Bride, that would be at it.
At laſt, when he had told his Tale
Mantling like Mare in Martingale
She thus reply'd; *Trojans* be cheery,
Pluck up your Hearts, and reſt you merry,
Our Towns-folks here are ſomething wary,
Not that they any Ill-will bear you;
For they are very honeſt Fellows,
But that of late a Chance befel us.
To tell you true, the other day
When all my folks were gone toth' hay,

(a) *Tum breviter Dido, vultum demiſſa profatur:*
Solvite corde metum Teucri: ſecludite curas.
Res dura, & regni novitas me talia cogunt
Moliri.

A lusty Rascal, such a one
As one of you (dispraise to none)
Comes into th' yard, and off the Hedge,
Where all our Clouts, were hung to Bleach;
Whips me a bran-new Flaxen-Smock,
The very best of all my Stock;
And runs away w'it in a Trice:
('T had ne'er been on my back past Twice.)
But you I know such baseness scorn,
You all are men well bred, and born.
(a) Who has not heard o'th' *Trojan* People,
And of *Æneas*, and his Swipple;
Nor shall you find us Dames of *Tyre*,
So farr remov'd from *Phœbus* fire;

(a) *Quis genus Æneadûm, quis Trojæ nescîat urbem?*
Virtutesque, virô que, aut tanti incendia belli?
Non obtusa adeò gestamus pectora Pœni:
Nec tam adversus equos Tyria sol jungit ab urbe:

But

But we can cheriſh luſty Yeomen,
And carry Toyes like other Women.
(b) Therefore you ſhall, whether you go
Straight on to *Italy*, or no;
Or whether you row on the Main,
To your own Pariſh back again,
Have what you want; nor will I dun ye;
But pay me when you can get money:
(c) But if you'll tarry here; This Town,
That I now build ſhall be your own,
And be as free, you *Trojans* ſhall,
As any *Tyrian* on'um all.

(b) *Seu vos Heſperiam magnam, Saturnia arva,*
Sive Erycis fines, regémque optatis Aceſtem,
Auxilio tutos dimittam, opibuſque juvabo.
(c) *Vultis & his mecum pariter conſidere regnis?*
Urbem quam ſtatuo, veſtra eſt: ſubducite naves:
Tros Tyriúſque mihi nullo diſcrimine agetur.

A Man's a Man, as I have read,
Though he have but a Hoſe on's Head;
(d) And I could wiſh, that the ſame weather
That blew your tatter'd Scullers hither,
Would blow *Æneas* hither too,
And then there were no more to do;
(e) But I'll ſend out my Men, who knows
But he may now be picking Sloes
In our Town-Woods, or getting Nuts,
For very need to fill his Guts.
(f) *Æneas* in his Miſty Cloak,
Heard every word Queen *Dido* ſpoke.

(d) *Atque utinam rex ipſe Noto compulſus eodem*
Afforet Æneas: ——— ———
——— (e) *Per littora certos*
Dimittam, & Libyæ luſtrare extrema jubebo,
Si quibus ejectus ſylvis, aut urbibus errat.
(f) *His animum arrecti dictis, & fortis Achates,*
Et pater Æneas, jamdudum erumpere nubem
Ardebant. ———

Her

Her Hony-words made his Mouth water,
And he e'en twitter'd to be at her,
But he was ſo o're joy'd, he ſtood,
Like a great Sloven made of Wood;
And could not ſpeak (though he were willing)
Would one have g'in him Forty ſhilling.
(g) At laſt his Friend jog'd him with's hand;
How like a Logger-head you ſtand,
Quoth he, for certainly I think,
Thou'rt either mad or in thy drink:
Doſt thou not ſee our Friends all round,
Excepting one, whom we ſaw drown'd;

(g) *Prior Æneam compellat Achates.*
Nate dea, quæ nunc animo ſententia ſurgit?
Omnia tuta vides, claſſem ſociò, que receptos.
Unus abeſt, medio in fluctu quem vidimus ipſi
Submerſum:

And all as well, as Heart can wiſh,
And yet thou ſtand'ſt as mute as Fiſh!
(h) Scarce had he ſpoke, but off he threw
His Mantle made of Miſts ſo blew,
And ſtood as plainly to be ſeen,
As any there, *God bleſſe the Queen.*
(i) For's Mother had ſo dizend him,
That he ſhould ſhew both neat, and trim;
Though (truly!) he was but an od man, (*Pan.*
Splay-mouth'd, Crump-ſhoulder'd like the God

(h) *Vix ea fatus erat, cùm circumfuſa repentè*
Scindit ſe nubes, & in æthera purgat apertum:
Reſtitit Æneas, claráque in luce refulſit,
(i) *Os humeróſque Deo ſimilis; námque ipſe decoram*
Cæſariem nato genitrix, luménque juventæ
Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflarat honores:

Yet

Yet could he not i'th' nick invent
Her Majesty a Complement;
But scratcht his Head, and gan to sputter,
His elbow rub'd, and kept a clutter,
Mopping, and mowing, till at last
All difficulties over-past,
(k) In Courtly-Phrase, it thus came out.
Madam (quoth he) your humble Trout,
That same *Æneas* whom you prize thus,
Is here without *Deceptio Visus*
I that same very man am here,
And come to taste of your good Chear.

(k) *Tum sic reginam alloquitur, cunctisque repentè*
Improvisus ait: Coràm, quem quæritis adsum
Trojus Æneas

(l) O *Dido* Primrose of Perfection,
Who only granteſt kind Protection
To wandring *Trojans*, how ſhall wee,
E'er pay Thee, for this Courteſie!
We never can my dainty Friend,
Then let *Jove* do't, and there's an end.
(m) Thus having ended his fine Speech,
Towards the Queen he turn'd his Breech;

(l) *O ſola infandos Troiæ miſerata labores;*
Quæ nos, reliquias Danaum terræq; mariſq;
Omnibus exhauſtos jam caſibus, omnium egenos,
Urbe, domo ſocias: grates perſolvere dignas
Non opis eſt noſtræ, Dido: nec quicquid ubiq; eſt
Gentis Dardaniæ, magnum quæ ſparſa per orbem.
Dii tibi (ſi qua pios reſpectant numina, ſi quid
uſquam juſtitiæ eſt, & mens ſibi conſcia recti)
Præmia digna ferant;

(m) *Sic fatus, amicum*
Ilioneа petit dextra, lævaque Sereſtum:
Inde alios, fortemque Gyan; fortemque Cloanthum.

And

And ſpoke to's men, ſayes, Lads how iſt?
Come give me every one a Fiſt,
How doſt thou *Guy*, and S^rs. how do ye?
Now by my troth, I'm glad to ſee you,
'Tis better being here I trow,
Then where we were a while a go,
No longer ſince, then yeſterday;
Welcome to *Tyre* as I may ſay.
With that to ſhaking hands they fall,
And he moſt friendly ſhak't them all,
Surely he was no Counterfeiter,
No Bandog could have ſhak't 'em better.
(n) Queen *Dido* raviſh'd to behold,
The Carriage Sweet of this Springold,

(n) *Obſtupuit primo aſpectu Sidonia Dido,*
Caſu deinde viri tanto: & ſic ore loquuta eſt:

Star'd for a while, as she'd look through him,
And then thus brake her mind unto him.

(o) O Thou who hast so finely bin bred,
And com'n art of such honest kindred,
By what strange luck hast thou been hurry'd
As if the Fates would thee have worry'd
'Tis strange thou hast not burst thy hoops
Th'ast been so bang'd about the stoops.
(p) Art Thou *Æneas* with great Ware,
So famous for a Cudgel-player
Whom *Venus* with her fine devices
Bore that old Knocker good *Anchises*?

(o) *Quis te, nate dea, per tanta pericula casus*
Insequitur! quæ vis immanibus applicat oris!
(p) *Tune ille Æneas, quem Dardanio Anchisæ*
Alma Venus Phrygii genuit Simoentis ad undam?

(q) My

(q) My Father *Belus* went with *Teucer*
(I think he had not many Sprucer)
To take possession of an Island,
That was some Twenty Rood of dry-land.
(r) And he still gave great commendations,
Of *Trojans* 'bove all other Nations;
He could have nam'd you all by dozens
And told me you, and he were Cousins.
(s) Therefore young Men to *Carthage* you,
Are welcome without more a do.

(q) *Atque equidem Teucrum memini Sidona venire*
Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem
Auxilio Beli:
(r) *Ipse hostis Teucros insigni laude ferebat:*
Seque ortum antiqua Teucrorum à stirpe volebat.
(s) *Quare agite, ô tectis juvenes succedite nostris.*
Me quoque per multos similis fortuna labores
Jactatam, hâc demum voluit consistere terra.
Non ignara mali, miseris succurrere disco.

I have

I have my ſelf (I'de have you know)
Been driven to my ſhifts e'er now;
And therefore in my Juriſdiction,
Pitty a Beaſt, that's in Affliction:
(t) With that ſhe ſtretched forth a hand,
So white, it made *Æneas* ſtand,
Amaz'd to ſee't. (for know that ſhee
Still waſh'd her Hands in Chamber-Lee)
And led *Æneas* in kind faſhion,
Towards her Graces Habitation;
And made a Curtzy at the dore,
And pray'd him to go in before;
But he moſt courteouſly cry'd no,
I hope I'm better bred then ſo;

(t) *Sic memorat: ſimul Æneam in regia ducit*
Tecta;

But

But let him say what he say could,
Dido swore *Faith, and Troth* he should;
Well (quoth *Æneas*) I see still,
Women, and Fools must have their will;
And thereupon, without more talking,
Enters before her proudly stalking.

Scarce were they got within the doores;
But *Dido* call'd her Maids all Whores,
And a great coyle, and scolding kept,
Because the House was not cleanswept:
(a) Then all in hast, way she sends
Victuals unto *Æneas* friends;
Pease-Porridge, Bacon, Puddings, Sowse;
O'th very best, she had i'th house;

(a) *Nec minus interea socijs ad littora mittit*
Viginti tauros, magnorum horrentia centum
Terga suum, pingues centum cum matribus agnos.

Butter

Butter, and Curds, & Cheeses plenty,
To fill their Guts, that were full empty;
Bidding them eat, and never save it,
But call for more, and they should have it.
(b) This being done, the dainty Queen
Conducts the *Trojans* further in,
Into a Parlour near she takes 'um,
And there most fairly welcome makes 'um:
She serv'd 'um drink, and victuals up,
As long as they would eat, or sup.
Whilst each one there so play'd the Glutton,
That he was forced to unbutton.

No sooner had the *Trojans* hold,
Stuff'd their Guts full, as they would hold;

(b) *At domos interior regali splendida luxu*
Instruitur mediisque parant convivia tectis.

But

But that *Æneas* ſtreight begun,
(c) All-to-bethink him of his Son.
* Now you muſt know, that he had had,
A wench, and by that wench, a Lad,
The Laſſe *Crëuſa* had to name,
Whom (be it ſpoken to their ſhame)
The *Greeks* when firſt they took *Troy* City,
Did thruſt to death, without all pity:
Of woman-kind ſure as I breath
The firſt that ever dy'd that death.
(d) His Son, *Aſcanius* hight, a Page,
About ſome dozen years of age,
This Boy, *Æneas* ſent *Achates*
To fetch, quoth he, ſince we feed *gratis*,

* See *Servius* upon *Virgil.*

(c) *Omnis in* Aſcanio *chari ſtat cura parentis.*
(d) Æneas *rapidum ad naves præmittit* Achatem,
Aſcanio *ferat hæc, ipſúmque ad mœnia ducat.*

Why

Why ſhould not now my little Baſtard,
(That I dare ſwear will prove no daſtard)
Come to Queen *Dido*'s Houſe, and Feaſt,
As we have done o'th' very Beſt?
Go fetch him then, (e) and let him bring 's
Out of my Coffer, thoſe gay things,
I ſav'd at *Troy*; which for their fineneſs
He ſhall preſent unto her Highneſs.
There is a Riding-hood, and ſafe-guard
Of yellow Lace, bound with a brave guard,
Which *Hellen* wore; the very day,
That *Paris* ſtole her quite away.

(e) *Munera præterea Iliacis erepta ruinis*
Ferre jubet, pallam ſignis, auróque rigentem,
Et circumtextum croceo velamen Acantho,
Ornatus Argivæ, Helenæ: *quos illa* Mycenis,
Pergama *cum peteret, inconceſſóque* Hymenæos,
Exulerat.

(f) Then

(f) Then there's a Diſtaffe neatly wrought
That *Paris* too for *Hellen* bought,
For carved-work fit to be ſeen,
Betwixt the Leggs of any Queen.
And then there is a fair great Ruffe
Made of a pure, and coſtly Stuffe
To wear about her Highneſs Neck,
Like Mrs. *Cockaynes* in the *Peake*,
And laſt, a Quoife, wrought gorgeouſly
With Tinſell, and *Blew-Coventry*:
Then go as faſt, as th' canſt I preethee
And bring him, and theſe Preſents with thee.

(f) *Prætexta ſceptrum, Ilione quod geſſerat olim*
Maxima natarum Priami, collóque monile
Baccatum, & duplicem gemmis auróque coronam.

(g) Away

(g) Away goes he, as he was bidden,
Running as faſt, as he had ridden;
But *Venus*, that ſame cunning Dame
Had yet another Trick to play 'um.
(h) She had no very good Opinion,
Of your ſo ſmooth tongu'd *Carthaginian*,
Nor knew ſhe but the Queen might be
As full of Craft, as Courteſie.
(i) And ſhe was ſure that *Juno* would
Do all the Miſchief, that ſhe could;
Therefore ſhe in all haſt did run,
T' a Boy, call'd *Cupid*, was her Son.

(g) *Hæc celerans, iter ad naves tendebat* Achates.
At Cytherea *novas artes, nova pectore verſat*
Conſilia———
(h) *Quippe domum timet ambiguam* Tyrioſque *bilingues.*
(i) *Urit atrox* Juno———

This

This *Cupid* was a little tyny,
Cogging, Lying, Peeviſh Nynny;
No bigger then a good *point-ing*;
But yet a vile unhappy wag.
He ne'er would go to Schoole; but play
The Truant every other day;
Run men into the Breech with pins,
Throw ſtones at Folks, and break their ſhins;
Kill peoples Hens, and ſteal their Chicks,
And do a Thouſand Roguy Tricks:
But with a Bow the Shit-breech'd-elfe
Would ſhoot like *Robin-Hood* himſelf;
And had I warrant every dart,
Poyſon'd with ſuch a ſubtle Art,
That where they hat, their power was ſo
It made Folks love, would they or no:

And for this Trick, the hopeful Youth
Was call'd *the God of Love* forſooth.
To this young Squire Dame *Venus* trotted,
As I (if you have not forgot it)
Told you before, and thus begun,
To Flatter up her Graceleſs Son,
(k) My Goldylocks, (quoth ſhe) my Joy,
My pretty, little-tyny-Boy;
Thy Mother *Venus* comes to thee
T' implore thy little Deity.
(l) Thou knoweſt as well as any Other
How *Juno* vile has us'd thy Brother

(k) *Gnate, meæ vires, mea magna potentia, ſolus*
Gnate, patris ſummi qui tela Typhoëa temnis;
Ad te confugio, & ſupplex tua numina poſco.
(l) *Frater ut Æneas pelago tuus omnia circum*
Littora jactetur, odiis Junonis *iniquæ,*
Nota tibi.——————

Our

Our poor *Æneas*, what a Clatter,
She made to drown him on the water;
Nay ſhe would do more miſchief ſtill,
If the Curſt Quean might have her will.
(m) *Æneas* now is at a Place
Call'd *Carthage* with a handſome Laſs,
Queen *Dido* nam'd, where now he is
Made on as much, as heart can wiſh;
(n) But leaſt the Queen ſhould change her mind
As Weather-Cocks do with the wind.
And thorough *Juno's* wiles at laſt,
Show him a Womans ſlipp'ry caſt;

(m) *Hunc* Phœniſſa *tenet* Dido, *blandîſque moratur*
Vocibus: & vereor, quò ſe Junonia *vertant*
Hoſpitia, haud tanto ceſſabit cardine rerum.
(n) *Quocirca capere ante dolis & cingere flamma*
Reginam meditor, ne quò ſe numine mutet:

My pretty Archer let us Two
Show the Proud Slut what we can do.
My Son *Æneas* does diſpatch
Achates, to the Wharfe to fetch
My little Grand child, who muſt come,
To ſup in *Dido*'s dining-roome.
Now ſince that thus in ſhort the Caſe is
And that thou canſt ſo well cut faces:
(o. p) I would have thee to ſet thy *Phys'-Nomy* in ſuch a ſhape as his;

(o) —— *Faciem mutatus & ora* Cupido
Pro dulci Aſcanio *veniat.*
(p) *Tu faciem illius noctem non amplius unam*
Falle dolo, & notos pueri puer indue vultus:
Ut cum te gremio accipiet lætiſſima Dido,
Regales inter menſas, laticémque Lyæum,
Cum dabit amplexus, atque oſcula dulcia figet,
Occultum inſpires ignem, fallâſque veneno.

And

And go along as meek, and mild,
As any little ſucking Child.
When thou com'ſt there, I know the Queen
Will clip, and kiſſe thy Cheek, and Chin;
Dandle, and give thee Figgs, and Reaſons;
Then muſt thou play thy Petty-Treaſons,
Lick her Lips, Flatter her, and Cog,
And ſet her Highneſs ſo o'th' Gog,
That when ſhe'as layd by Fame and Honour,
Thy Brother may to work upon her.
(q) This is my Plot, and that nought croſs it,
I'll make the Child a ſleeping Poſſet.
And when hee's faſt, I will him hide
I'th' top o'th' Garret upon *Ide*.

(q) *Hunc ego ſopitum ſomno ſuper alta* Cythera
Aut ſuper Idalium *ſacratâ ſede recondam.*

(a) *Cupid*, who Miſchief lov'd, I think,
Better by half then Meat, or Drink;
Without all manner of Reply,
Prepares him for his Roguery.
His wings he from his ſhoulders throwes,
Becauſe they'd not go into's Clothes,
And dreſt himſelf to ſuch a wonder,
That none could know the Lads aſunder.
(b) But *Venus* gave t'other a Sop,
That made him ſleep like any Top;
And whilſt he taking was a Nap,
She layd him neatly in her Lap,

(a) *Paret Amor dictis charæ genetricis, & alas*
Exuit, & greſſu gaudens incedit Iuli.
(b) *At* Venus Aſcanio *placidam per membra quietem*
Irrigat, & fotum gremio dea tollit in altos
Idaliæ *lucos: ubi mollis amaracus illum*
Floribus, & dulci aſpirans complectitur umbra.

And

And Carryed him to a Houſe that ſtood
Upon an Hill in a old Wood:
And when ſhe had the Urchin there,
She laid him up in *Lavander*.
(c) In the mean time, Sir *Cupid* goes
To th' Court in young *Iülus* Clothes;
(d) Who ſhould he ſee when he came there;
But *Dido* ſitting in a Chaire,
I'th' midſt of all the *Trojan* Blades,
Vap'ring, and Swearing at her Mayds.
Under her Feet a Cricket ſtood,
Whereon ſhe ſtampt as ſhe were Wood;

(c) *Jámque ibat dicto parens.* ——
(d) *Cùm venit, aulæis jam ſe regina ſuperbis*
Aurea compoſuit ſponda, mediámque locavit.
Jam pater Æneas & jam Trojana juventus
Conveniunt: ſtratóque ſuper diſcumbitur oſtro.

And likewiſe there was finely put,
A Cuſhion underneath her Scut.
There as ſhe ſate upon her Crupper,
(e) She bad her Folks to bring in Supper,
And in they brought a Thundring Meal,
Great Joynts of Mutton, Porke and Veal,
Hens, Geeſe, and Turkies, Ducks, and Buſtards,
And at the laſt, Fools, Flawns and Cuſtards,
The *Trojans* eat, and make good Chear
Tunning themſelves with Ale, and Beer,
There was old drinking, and old ſinging,
And all the while, the Bells were ringing,

(e) *Quinquaginta intus famulæ, quibus ordine longo*
Cura penum ſtruere, & flammis adolere penates.
Centum aliæ, totidémque pares ætate miniſtri,
Qui dapibus menſas onerent, & pocula ponant.

One

One would have thought, by the great Feaſt,
T'ad been a Wedding at the leaſt.
Whileſt thus they eat, and drink, and chat,
(f) *Cupid*, that little Cogging Brat,
So cunning was in Counterfeiting,
Æneas thought him on's own getting.
At laſt Queen *Dido* in her Lap,
Sets me the Mounte-banking-Ape,
And kiſt his Lipps all of a Lather,
Then thus beſpeaks the new-made Father.
By th' Mack (quoth ſhe) thou *Trojan* truſty,
Thou gott'ſt This Boy, when thou wert luſty;

(f) *Ille, ubi complexu Æneæ, colloque pependit,*
Et magnum falſi implevit genitoris amorem,
Reginam petit, hæc oculis, hæc pectore toto
Hæret: & interdum gremio fovet, inſcia Dido,
Inſideat quantus miſeræ deus.

And

And any one that does but note him,
May ſoon know who it was begot him;
I dare be ſworn t'was thou didſt get him,
Hee's e'en as like thee, as th'adſt ſpit him.
(g) Whilſt thus the Youth ſhe kiſt, & dandled,
Cupid had ſo the matter handled,
That ſhe began to feel a Grumbling
As People do that would be Tumbling.
(h) When they had Supt, & that the waiters,
Had Trenchers ta'ne away, and Platters;

(g) *At memor ille*
Matris Acidaliæ, *paulatim abolere* Sichæum
Incipit, & vivo tentat prævertere amore
Jampridem reſides animos.
(h) *Poſtquam prima quies epulis, menſaque remotæ:*
Crateras magnos ſtatuunt, & vina coronant.

(i) Up

(i) Up from her Chayre Queen *Dido* ſtarts,
And takes a Mug, that held Two Quarts
Of Drink, that ſhe with much forbearing
Had ſav'd long ſince for her Sheep-ſhearing:
And thus begins, Here Sirs, here's to you,
And from my heart much good may do you:
(k) *Æneas*, here's a Health to thee,
To *Puſſe* and to good Company;
And he that will not do, as I do,
Proclaimes himſelf no friend to *Dido*.
I do pronounce him to be no Man,
And may he never kiſſe a Woman.

(i) *Hic regina gravem gemmis, auróque poposcit,*
Implevitque mero pateram: quam Belus, *& omnes*
A Belo *ſoliti.*
(k) *Adſis lætitiæ* Bacchus *dator, & bano* Iuno:
Et vos ô cœtum Tyrii *celebrate faventes.*

(l) With

(l) With that ſhe ſet it to her Noſe,
And off at once the *Rumkin* goes;
No drop beſides her Muſſel falling,
Untill that ſhe had ſupt it all in.
Then turning't * Topſey on her Thumb
Sayes look, here's *Super-naculum*.
Æneas, as the ſtory tells,
And all the Reſt did bleſs themſelves,
To ſee her trowle off ſuch a Pitcher,
And yet to have her Face no richer,
By *Jove* (quoth he) knocking his knuckles;
I'de not drink with her for Shoe-buckles:
But Madam (ſayes he) ſweetly bowing,
I hope your Grace does not make * plowing:

* *Alias* Kelly.

* Ending one and Beginning another.

(l) *Dixit, & in menſa laticum libavit honorem:*
Primaq; libato ſummo tenus attigit ore.

For

For if you do at this large rate,
There will be many an aking pate;
(m) With that he took a luſty Swimmer
Here Sirs (quoth he) I drink this Brimmer
In kind return for our Protections,
Unto Queen *Dido*'s beſt Affections.
(n) Down went their Cups, and too't they fell,
Roaring and Swaggering pell mell,
(o) Whilſt a Blind-Harper did advance,
That wore Queen *Dido*'s Cognizance,
A Minſtrel that *Iopas* hight;
Who play'd, and ſung to 'um all night,

(m) *Ille impiger hauſit*
Spumantem pateram, & pleno ſe proluit auro.
(n) *Poſt alii proceres,* (o) *cithara crinitus* Iopas
Perſonat aurata, docuit quæ maximus Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam.

He

He ſung them Songs, Ballads, and Catches,
Of Mens Devices, Womens Patches;
With antient Songs of high Renown
And even one, they call'd *Troy-Town*:
At that, *Æneas* ſhak't his Noddle,
As one would do an empty Bottle,
(Quoth he) if he that wrote this Ditty,
Had been with us i'th' midſt o'th' City.
When Faggot-ſticks, flew in Folks Chopps,
And knock't men down, as thick as Hopps,
I do believe for all's fine *Chiming*,
He would have had ſmall mind of Riming:
Yet for to give the Divell his due,
Who e're he was the Ballads true.

(p) From

(p) From *Dido* then a belch did fly,
'Tis thought ſhe meant it for a ſigh,
And tears ran down, her fair long Noſe,
The Queen was *Maudlin* I ſuppoſe.
(q) (Quoth ſhee) *Æneas* out of Jeſting,
Thou needs muſt tell at my Requeſting,
All the whole Tale of *Troyes* Condition,
Since firſt you troubled were with *Grecian*;
Hectors great Fights, and *Priams* Speeches,
And eke deſcribe *Achilles* Breeches,

(p) *Infelix* Dido, *longúmque bibebat amorem.*
(q) *Multa ſuper* Priamo *rogitans, ſuper* Hectore *multa:*
Nunc quibus Auroræ *veniſſet filius armis;*
Nunc quales Diomedis *equi, nunc quantus* Achilles:
Immo age, & à prima dic hoſpes origine nobis
Inſidias, inquit, Danaûm, caſúſque tuorum,
Erroréſque tuos.

How

How ſtrong he was, when he did grapple,
And if *Tydides* horſe were dapple.
Tell me I ſay of *Paris* Lechery,
The *Grecians* Quarrels, and there Trechery,
Your Challenges, your Fights, and Battles,
And how you loſt your Goods and Chattles;
And to what Places you have wander'd
E're ſince you were ſo baſely Squander'd.
All theſe things would I know moſt duly,
Then tell me ſpeedily, and truly.

FINIS.